Will not peruſe the foiles, ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A Sword vnbated, and in a pace of practiſe,
Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for the purpoſe, Ile annoint my Sword,
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it drawes bloud, no Cataplaſme ſo rare
Collected from all ſimples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can ſaue the thing from death
That is but ſcratcht with all, Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly, it may be death.
King. Lets further thinke of this.
Weigh what conueiance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our ſhape if this ſhould faile,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not aſſayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or ſecond that might hold
If this did blaſt in proofe; ſoft let me ſee,
Wee'le make a ſolemne wager on your cunnings,
I haut, when in your motion you are hot and dric,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he cals for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there; but ſtay, what noiſe?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faſt they follow; your ſiſters drownd *Laertes*.
Laer. Drown'd, O where?
Quee. There is a Willow growes aſcaunt the Brook,
That ſhowes his hoarie leaues in the glaſſie ſtreame,
There with fantaſtick garlands did ſhe make
Of Crow-flowres, Nettles, Daſies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepherds giue a groſſer name,
But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers cal them.
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds

Clam-

6 for purpose 7 Mountibancke 12 tutch
15 Wey 22 I hate, 24 prefard 25 the nonce
26 chaunce 33 horry 34 fantastique
l. net. cronet